

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES.
VOL. XXXII. }

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{ NEW SERIES.
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THAT PICTURE.

WE print the following extracts from letters descriptive of the first picture in *The Dayspring* for October. One of our young readers says:—

"I think the little girl's name must be Sunshine, she looks so happy. My mamma used to say if her little girl would only keep her face so bright and happy all the time, there would be so much more sunshine in the world. I guess she has been a good girl all day (I have), and it is six o'clock, and time for her papa to come. . . . Pretty soon she will shut the door and leave mamma alone, and go down to the end of the street. Papa will be coming, so tired, but when he sees his little girl waiting for him at the corner, his eyes will brighten, and he will forget all about being tired. They will go home together, and all be happy because their little girl is good, and has such a smiling face.

"Dear me, I don't know but what my story is too long; I almost gave up before I got through, there were so many things that I thought of. But it isn't nice to give up, except to lend your best doll to your little sister when you want it awfully yourself."

Another little girl writes:—

"Little Mary is playing hide and go seek. She is looking out from behind the door to see if Jennie is coming to find her. She is thinking what a nice place she has to hide in and that Jennie can *never* find her. But I think Jennie *will* find her if she stays there any longer. Don't you?"

Another letter says:—

"You ask what the little girl in the picture in the last *Dayspring* is doing. I call her Susan, and she is about nine,—a sweet little girl. She has got up what my children call a *surprisement* for her mamma.

Her mother has been baking and is very tired, and now is sitting with a basket of stockings before her to be mended. She thinks, 'Were my Susan a little older she could set the tea-table,' and help me so much!' And Susan opens the door a crack, and peeps in, and says, 'Mother, will you come to tea?' She has set the table, and put upon it a bunch of wild flowers brought from school. It all looks very neat and nice, and her mother kisses her and is very happy."

These letters are so good that we hope to receive some about the first picture in this month's *Dayspring*. Please send them by the middle of the month.

For The Dayspring.

AN INVITATION.

COME to the Sabbath school;
Here happy hearts are found,
We learn the Golden Rule,
And love and joy abound.

Here teachers kindly meet,
And lessons sweet are found,
To guide the little feet
To happiness and heaven.

We learn to practise there
That sweet humility,
That comes to us through prayer,
Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Come haste with us to gain
True wisdom from on high,
And bind the golden grain
For garners in the sky.

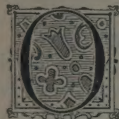
E. H. P.

THE words, "Honor thy father and thy mother," mean four things,—always do what they bid you, always tell them the truth, always treat them lovingly, and take care of them when they are sick or grown old. I never yet knew a boy who trampled on the wishes of his parents, who turned out well.

For The Dayspring.

"JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT
JUDGED."

BY A. J. H.



MAMMA, I can't learn my Sunday-school lesson, it's too long; besides, she said only to learn the first verse if we couldn't learn all five."

With this remark Albert closed his Testament and went to the window to take a survey of things in general. It was a lovely Saturday afternoon and nearly two o'clock; the boys certainly must be waiting for him on the play-ground.

Mamma put down her sewing, and drawing her little boy towards her, said with a smile, —

"I am sorry my son cannot learn the whole of such a short lesson; but let me hear the verses you have learned."

Albert repeated slowly the first two verses of the seventh chapter of Matthew.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

"Do you know what that means?" asked Mrs. Stanton.

"Well, not exactly; but I don't want to stop now," added Albert impatiently.

"If I tell you now you would forget," replied mamma; "when you come in this evening we will talk about it. Do you remember when you came home last Sunday you said you thought Sam Ellsworth was too lazy for any thing, he only went to school in the afternoons, and yet he never had the lesson or knew more than one verse of the text to repeat; you didn't see why Miss Cooper didn't make him learn more?"

Albert blushed, and, as his mother let go of his hand, ran out of the room.

"Ten minutes of two," said Albert, looking at the town clock, at the same time giving the gate something of a slam. "I guess I'll just go round by Sam's and see if he doesn't want to play ball with us. He hasn't been for two or three weeks."

Turning to the left and going down rather a small street, he presently came to a neat little white house. The front of the house seemed to be shut up, so Albert thought he would follow the foot-path leading round the side of the house and perhaps see somebody.

As he turned the corner he heard a noise in the woodshed, so he crossed over the grass to the open side of the shed, and here he found Sam splitting wood at a great rate.

Sam's back was towards him, so he didn't notice his coming till Albert exclaimed, "Say! Hello! don't you want to come play a game of ball with the fellows? I'm going; come along."

"I should like to dreadfully, but don't see how I can; all this wood has got to be split first."

"Give me something and I'll help you."

"You'd better not wait, for I forgot I must go to the store for Lizzie. You know mother is sick and father is away all day, so it takes all Lizzie's time to take care of mother and the baby, and do the cooking; and I try to help her all I can about the house, for I know she gets tired, though she don't say so; and besides" continued Sam, coloring a little, "I wanted to learn all my Sunday-school lesson; I am ashamed to say any more I didn't have time. Miss Cooper is kind about not scolding, but I suppose you all think I have time enough if I only wanted to."

"Can't you study it to-night or to-morrow morning?" asked Albert, wishing to himself that he had not spoken of Sam as he did to his mother last Sunday.

"That's just it; unless I work this afternoon I shall not have time to learn it this evening. I never have time Sunday morning. But I'm keeping you from the game. Do go, and then you can tell me when you come home who played best."

"Well, if I can't help you I guess I'll go," said Albert, picking up his bat off the ground and walking towards the path.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," repeated Albert slowly to himself as he bent his steps in the direction of the playground. "I wonder if that doesn't mean not to be in too much of a hurry to say why people don't do things unless you know all about it; for if you do you can't complain if other persons are very quick to tell why you didn't do this or did something else, when they don't know your reasons at all, and very likely don't tell the truth."

"I guess my mamma won't have to explain the lesson to me to-night. I know what it means now. I only wish I hadn't said of Sam what I did. I wonder what the boys say of me sometimes."

As Albert was thinking all this out he came to the playground, and not having raised his eyes, he did not notice it. Hearing two boys talking right in front of him, he looked up, and recognized two of his classmates.

"Yes," said one of them, "I stopped for Albert, but his mother said he had gone on, so I suppose he has gone to see somebody, and thinks he's so important that we won't commence till he gets here."

Albert could not help smiling at this, and speaking to the boy who made the remark, said, "Your first reason was better than the second, for I thought the rest of you had bats, and would not think of waiting for me. But, as it is getting late, let us begin right off."

Off went caps and jackets, and there was

a general bustling around to get their feet planted on the proper base spots, scattered symmetrically over the ground.

"It's just too bad Sam Ellsworth can't be here!" exclaimed one of the boys; "he is the best pitcher among us."

"Yes indeed," echoed several voices.

"Well, why doesn't he come?" asked Dan, the same boy who had explained to his companion why Albert was late.

"His mother is sick, and he helps at home. My father says he is the best son in town," replied James Greenough.

"Ready!" shouted the pitcher, and there was no more talking for an hour, for the ball was kept flying.

Half-past five found the boys somewhat exhausted with their afternoon sport, so they put on their coats and hats and threw themselves on to the grass to rest before starting home.

"How long do you suppose it will be before Sam can play Saturday afternoons?" asked Winnie, whirling his hat on the end of a stick.

"Suppose we all go and see him this evening," remarked Dan.

"Then don't stay very long," added Albert, "for he told me he wanted to learn all his Sunday-school lesson."

"Oh, he'll tell us if he wants to work," said Winnie, speaking again, "I never saw such a boy for doing a thing when he thinks it is right."

The boys all nodded approval while Winnie jumped up, with the remark that his mother was expecting him and he must go.

"There," said one of the group, "goes a boy who never says an unkind thing about any one."

"That's the reason no one ever says an unkind thing about *him*," added Dan, with emphasis.

"Hello, Albert, what has put you in such a brown study?"

"Oh, I heard what you were saying, but I've been thinking of a plan, and I was going to ask you fellows what you thought about it."

"Well, out with it!" exclaimed the boys, with some curiosity.

"Well, next Saturday morning, if Mrs. Ellsworth is still sick, suppose we all take an axe and go and cut Sam's wood; then he can play with us in the afternoon."

"Capital idea!" replied each boy, picking up his bat, ready for going home, "I'll be sure to go if I can."

That evening Albert studied his lesson very industriously, and when bed-time came he was able to repeat it all to his mother.

"You need not explain the two verses I repeated to you this afternoon," said Albert; "I found out what they meant after I got out of doors."

"Then can't you tell me?" asked Mrs. Stanton. "I should like to know if you think as I do."

"Well, I must not judge the reason why other people do or don't do certain things, unless I want people to be on the lookout to see what I do, and then to talk about it without knowing. I guess the second verse means about the same thing, only I don't know exactly what those two words mean."

"Yes," replied mamma; "measure means quantity, and mete to give out; so it is just as if I were to say, 'For just as much fault as you find with others, just so much they will find with you;' and if you mete out kind judgment to others, they will meet the same to you."

He who thinks too much of himself will be in danger of being forgotten by the rest of the world.

For The Dayspring.

FANNY'S NURSING.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.



HERBERT MANNING, what possessed you to bring that creature home? Do you want to turn the place into a menagerie, and done with it?"

Such was the greeting bestowed by the pretty little lady standing in the vine-covered porch, as she met her husband on his return from the woods. She was a very pretty lady, with sparkling black eyes, dark hair, and pink cheeks; and she wore a pink dress, which was very becoming.

Whatever her words, her eyes and voice showed her gladness at his coming; and the young man seemed in no wise disconcerted, as he came up the walk with firm, springing step, carrying in his arms a round roly-poly, curly, black little animal, with small, bead-like eyes peering out from a mass of fur. It was not a Newfoundland puppy, though it looked like one, but a veritable bear's cub. For Herbert Manning's home was in Maine, and not far from one of the great pine forests, where bears and other wild animals are still to be found.

"Now, Herbert," said the lady again, as he exhibited his prize, "you *don't* mean to keep it? — Down, Ponto, down!"

The great Newfoundland had bounded to his master's side with a welcoming bark, and raising himself on his hind feet, placed his huge paws on the young man's shoulder, and sniffed at the fur bundle with a disapproving growl.

"You'll have delightful times there, to begin with," said Mrs. Jenny, encouragingly, with a flash of her pretty brown eyes.

"Oh, I shall train them to live together.

They'll be the best of playmates soon. You'll see!"

"I don't doubt I shall, and you too," rejoined the lady significantly, but with a merry twinkle in her eyes, that showed she was not greatly disturbed. "But come in, and have your supper before the muffins and tea are quite cold. I've peaches and cream for you too, though you *don't* deserve it;" and looking back over her shoulder, with a little silver-tinkle of a laugh, she led the way to the dining-room. Her husband followed, having deposited his charge in the back kitchen.

"It's a little orphan bear, Jenny," said he, artfully appealing to the tender side of her nature. "Its mother has departed to lands unknown, and I thought it would amuse you when I'm away all day. It won't be much trouble, — a little milk, and a bit of old carpet to lie on, and there's your bear for you! How would Topsy do for a name?"

"As well as any, if you *must* keep her. She's black enough, and it's my opinion she'll soon be mischievous enough to be worthy of it."

"Well, we'll see; I'll agree to take her back to the woods if it proves so when she's old enough to take care of herself."

Tea over, Mr. Manning poured out some milk, and went to feed his new pet. To his chagrin and his wife's amusement, Topsy "bothered" most unreasonably about her supper. She had not the slightest idea that her long, pink tongue could be of service as a spoon. She sniffed at the dish, put her paws into it, and finally, giving it a sudden push with her nose, upset it.

"It's no use, Herbert; she's not old enough to lap milk. You'll have to feed her bossy-fashion."

Mr. Manning brought a second dish of

milk, dipped his finger in it, and inserted it in the "orphan's" mouth. Topsy took to the finger, but took rather harder than was pleasant.

Mrs. Manning stood by, laughing, as her husband made faces, and whispered words not of delight.

"I'm glad she's not my charge," said she heartlessly.

"Hulloa, Manning, what are you up to now?"

It was a neighbor's voice, cheery, hearty, and jovial; and a third party came upon the scene.

"Bless you! you'd make a good lion-tamer, or something of that sort. What's up now?"

The matter was soon explained, much to the neighbor's amusement, who had not forgotten a monkey, a raccoon, a parrot, and an opossum, that had figured at various times in the Manning domicile, in addition to cats and dogs, and other common pets. But he was a good-natured man, and presently proposed a way out of the difficulty.

"Look here! Let me take that *pup* home to my Fan for a couple of weeks, if you *will* bother yourself about it."

"Fanny? Why—you're very kind, but she'd eat it, man!"

"Would she? Let me try her. I'll answer for its safety." And without more ado, Mr. Leonard picked up the *pup*, and carried it home.

Fanny was lying, snug and warm, in the barn, with her little family around her, when her master came in with Topsy in his arms.

"What on earth is this?" said Fanny, in her dog language, sniffing the squirming, black, furry ball, as it was tucked in beside her. "I guess it's all right, though," as the new puppy nestled in with the rest, and began looking for its supper, with per-

fect assurance. Then and there the good-natured dog adopted the "orphan," and from that minute Topsy "grewed" and thrived.

The real puppies never objected to her; and even Mrs. Manning owned it was a pretty sight, when they began to play together on the grass, rolling over and over, boxing one another's ears, and running races. Topsy lived with her foster-mother several weeks, and was returned to her home.

She grew fond of her master and mistress, and would follow them like a dog; come when they called her name, and rub her shaggy head against their hands. She was good-natured and affectionate, and for some time a pretty and amusing pet. But she grew large and strong, and then trouble began.

Her play was very rough. She would catch the cats and chickens in her great paws, hug them, and leave them dead on the ground. It seemed to be only for sport, as she was well fed, and never cared to eat them.

Whenever she saw a horse, she seemed wild for a frolic with him. She liked children, too, and wanted to play with them. But the wish was all on her side. Children and horses were always afraid of her, and gave her a wide berth.

She was often found snorting and pawing at the stable door. Whenever she did this, the horse trembled with terror. Her master would shake the whip at her, and she would waddle away, and lie down at the house-door.

An old lady came to spend the day, and found Topsy enjoying the sunshine on the front steps.

"Massy on us!" she exclaimed, standing still in her astonishment and dismay. Topsy blinked her bead-like eyes, rose

slowly and shook herself, and the visitor beat a hasty retreat, stumbling over her dress, and losing her work-bag, sun-umbrella, and several small parcels. Mrs. Manning, however, saw her from the window, and hastened to her relief, gathered up her wares, and piloted her past "the black beast," Topsy having lain quietly down again to finish her nap.

Peddlers and tramps grew "few and far between." Mr. Manning said that Topsy at least earned her board by her services in this line; while his wife maintained that it was Ponto's business to see to them.

When the weather was at all cold, Topsy's favorite resting-place was the rug before the sitting-room fire; and no one but her master could dislodge her.

She marched through the house at her own sweet will, pushed the doors open with her nose or paw, helped herself to sugar and honey, and lapped the cream off the pans in the dairy.

She had a fierce battle with Ponto, scratching him severely, and getting her ears bitten in return. The dog had never liked her, regarding her as an intruder on his domain, and jealous of the petting she received, which he counted his right alone. He had scorned to meddle with her, however, while she was small and weak; but when she had grown to about his own size, and made war upon him, he could not resist the temptation to give her a pretty thorough shaking. Commands and coaxing were of no avail with either; and they were only parted by whipping them both.

"What is Topsy about, I wonder," said Mrs. Manning one morning, as she was dressing. She could see, from her chamber-window, the bear sitting on the brink of the pond, and demurely watching something in the grass.

"Oh, my gold-fish! My beauties!" she

exclaimed the next moment, as she saw Topsy deliberately put her huge paw in the water, and claw out the tiny creatures. And in dressing-sack and slippers, her half-brushed hair flying over her shoulders, she ran downstairs to rescue, if possible, some of her pets.

"It's too bad, Jenny," said Topsy's master; "I'll keep her chained."

He tried it; but she moaned restlessly, and beat her own head against the wall. In a day or two, finding she must be free or die, he took her back to the pine forest, and gave her full liberty.

Poor bear! she did not want to leave him, and would gladly have followed him home. Mischievous as she was, she knew no better; and she had a grateful, loving heart. Pity she was ever tamed.

Wild animals are better off in their native haunts. For pets, a good dog and cat are worth a whole menagerie.

HE SAVED THE BABY.

A LAD standing on the bank of the River Thames saw a vessel sink, and, being a good swimmer, he dashed into the river, and brought out the first one he came to. He plunged in a second time, and brought another to the shore; but, as he was making his way to the bank the third time, he saw a small bundle, which he discovered contained a baby. He caught it with his teeth, and brought it to the shore also. Being too much exhausted to swim any more, he carried the baby home to his mother, and, placing the little orphan in her arms, said, "Here, mother, nurse this baby for me. I will work for it as long as I live." That boy had a good heart: he was a true hero. A boy of that kind is worth his weight in gold. — *Children at Work.*

GIVING HIS SISTERS A RIDE.

Oh! how pleasant 'tis to see
Little children full of glee,
Full of frolic, full of mirth,
As the kitten on the hearth,
Harmless as the little lamb
Gayly sporting by its dam.
Oh! how pleasant 'tis to see
Little children full of glee.

But we must not always play,
Frolic days and months away;
Like the bee upon the wing,
We must gather in the spring.
Summer comes and winter too,
We shall find enough to do;
Let us learn as well as play,
Mindful of a future day.

Selected.

THE CROOKED FINGERS.

WHILE shaking hands with an old man the other day, I noticed that some of his fingers were quite bent inward, and he had not the power of straightening them. Alluding to this fact, he said, "In these crooked fingers there is a good text for a talk to children."

"Let us have it, if you please," we said.

"For over fifty years I used to drive a stage, and these bent fingers show the effect of holding the reins for so many years."

The old man's crooked fingers, dear children, are but an emblem of the crooked tempers, words, and actions of men and women.

If anger is not restrained, it is frequently more hurtful to us than the injury that provokes it.

Remember your sins, to confess them; your temptations, to guard against them; and your obligations, thankfully to acknowledge them.



• GIVING HIS SISTERS A RIDE.

For The Dayspring.

THANKSGIVING FOR SIX.

BY MRS. ANNIE D. DARLING.



WAS too, so now! great big busters of apples, with yer name all writ on 'em in the skin! 'most too purty to eat, an' turkey an' pies an' puddin' an' nuts, an'—oh! every thing, an' there's Patches, an' he'll tell you if there warn't!" and the speaker paused for want of breath.

He was a small boy,—a member of the "Ragged Brigade;" for his mother found it impossible to keep those sharp knees and elbows always covered, while working to feed seven little brothers and sisters, and taking care of a sick husband; and though Jack was able to do his share of work in the world, he had a way of wearing out his clothes faster than any of the others. "Yer knees an' yer elbows cut jist as clane through the cloth as a razor," she would say; and Jack would laugh and tell her, "*It was so*, 'cause he was such a sharp one at a bargain."

He was describing enthusiastically to a new acquaintance (a forlorn-looking waif, younger than himself, who came across his path the day before, on the wharf where he was selling papers) a feast which he had partaken of a year before. With the free-masonry often seen among the poor, a firm friendship had already linked the boys in its sympathy; Jack feeling as if he must help and protect John, and John looking upon Jack as a superior sort of being; one to be looked up to and believed in, though when he set forth the glories of the "good time" once enjoyed, in such glowing colors, like many another, he had found it hard to believe what he could not comprehend; and his many questions, and

wonder-opened eyes, had at last induced his companion to appeal to another boy whom he had seen approaching, heavily laden with packages.

"Patches" rested his pack on the steps of a building near which they stood, to take breath for a moment, as Jack again asserted his ability to tell the wonders of the feast he had shared; and John listened, as if to a tale of enchantment.

"Did yer tell him 'bout the little pies the with yer name on, same's the apples, an' plates an' the glasses; an' 'bout the bundles when we went home, an' the dollars?"

"No, nor I didn't tell 'bout the music, too, nor the young lady, nor the going to church! Why, I didn't tell half, Patchie! oh, I wish he could go too! it's most time, an' he ain't got no mother, nor nothing, an' that's just the kind of boy Ma Martin likes!"

"So 'tis," assented Patches, "an' his name's right, too. Ef I see Uncle Peter 'fore the time I'll tell him 'bout him, an' pr'aps he'll squeeze him in, somehow; but I must go now, so look out fer him, Jack Shay, an' I'll let you know ef I c'n do any thing for him;" and Patches slung on his burden with a cheery whistle, born of gladness of heart, as he planned how to help one poorer than himself, and was soon out of sight.

John trotted round all day at Jack's heels, helping when he could, and wishing, oh, how earnestly! that he could be one of Mother Shay's family, when Jack drew him into the warm room at night, where the eight bowls of smoking hot porridge were waiting the gathering of the hungry brood. Jack was not hungry (he said) that night, and as it seemed a pity to have a bowl of good "parritch" wasted, John was persuaded to partake, and Jack played with the baby.

"How cold it is to-night, Father! These black frosts seem to have a real winter sting. Them apples you brought in was like lumps of ice, and them punkins made my fingers ache so I was glad to take 'em up attic in a basket."

"Guess the oven'll thaw 'em out, Betsy, by next week! How many turkeys'll ye want, an' chickens, an' when d'ye want I should go in for the boys?"

"Oh! next week'll be time enough; 'Lijah, we hain't got but five agen, have we. I hate to have less than six; seems's if Johnnie wouldn't be so pleased, dear heart!" and tears dropped over the wrinkled cheeks as she spoke, followed by a smile that came of the great love that held so many memories of her boy's past pleasures.

"Don't worry 'bout that, Mother! we'll fix that all right somehow 'fore the time comes. It's come so, two or three times, you know, an' some little feller's come right in the nick o' time. I'll bring you your six boys. Why, let me see! yes, this is Wednesday; a week from to-night, mother, so you'll have to work spry to be ready!"

"Never you fear, 'Lijah! I'll be ready for 'em, if God spares my health. Things is well under way, and Sary Ann is coming to help me next week; and Miss Helen was in to-day, an' was speakin' 'bout the music she was getting ready for the church; but there is Amos with the last load of apples, an' here's the key of the barn chamber."

Sometimes it seems as if God had struck out a light much needed in a dark place, when after repeated bereavements he takes the last remaining prop to which affection can cling; and in our blindness we wonder, perhaps question, the mercy and loving-kindness of such a dispensation, forgetting that now we see as through a glass, darkly,

what we shall hereafter read aright. Mr. and Mrs. Martin had seen the grave close over the remains of every member of the families of each, and had laid to rest beneath the daisies five dear children, when God spoke yet once again, calling the sixth and last dear one, little Johnnie, more dear, if it could be, than the others, because a cripple from birth. The affliction seemed too great for the poor parents to bear, and blessed with a comfortable fortune, they at last found their only happiness in striving to carry out certain plans that it had pleased their boy to arrange during his last days of comparative ease. Lovingly tended, he had lived a lovely life for twelve beautiful years, never forgetting, through all his latter years to help any he heard of, as in pain or poverty, and asking his mother to continue his work after he should have left it; and year after year, "Uncle Peter" and "Ma Martin," as they came to be called, carried out Johnnie's wishes as if he were still with them, letting the light of his spirit shine on many a fainting soul, the brightness of his love lift many a downcast one, to see and know the "beauty of holiness" in charity's sweet grace, till they learned to love him as a brother, and God the Father of all.

Johnnie's plan was this: each year at Thanksgiving, six boys were to be found among the poor of the neighboring city, who were to be looked after and assisted, till they should be able to help themselves. As a help to their well-doing, and a bond of union, they were to be welcomed in his home at the autumn festival each year, the number always to be six, — their names to be John, if possibly such should be found among those that presented, or were heard of, and for their pleasure were to be kept up and continued those little delights that their own Johnnie had so much prized.

Six plates were to be provided and used, bearing a picture of St. John, copied from one which had been given him, and always used; six goblets, with the name engraved on the glass; six bright, new silver dollars to be used as butter plates, to be kept after as a reminder of the happy day; six of Ma's nicest cranberry pies with the name in each, in flaky letters on ruby ground; six large apples showed the name again, written with the sun's pencil of light on their fair, smooth surfaces, carefully prepared by deft fingers, long before; while the table was loaded with so many a toothsome delicacy that there was room for nothing but wonder that so much could be provided for mortals to eat.

And now, while the leaves rested quietly above the sleeping flowers, keeping the heart of mother earth warm through the long nights that grew colder and colder as the year grew old and chill, the last Wednesday of one November saw Uncle Peter looking up his boys, who eagerly watched his coming.

Wednesday night found Ma Martin ready, and watching from the sitting-room window the crowds of passengers leaving the train just arrived from the city. The firelight dances as if in glee, the shadowy corners come out of the darkness, as if ashamed to sulk where such good cheer abounds, and the great logs crack and blaze as if the weight of welcome lay with them, and they must make their voices heard. The door opens, and the boys are here. "Welcome! my boys," cries Johnnie's mother, "John Patch, John Shay, John Powers, John Stonleigh, and little John Norton. Where's my sixth? Where's Uncle Peter? didn't he come with you?" and all answered together, —

"No marm. He's driving out in the wagon with Spindles. He's got hurted

last week, but they let Uncle Peter bring him, an' he started first, an' there they be now!" and off they all ran to open the gate, as the wagon stopped, and Uncle Peter came slowly, bringing in his arms the youngest of the six.

"Here's your number six, Mother; gently, I'll fetch him in. There, my little man! how's that?" he asked kindly, as he deposited his burden — Jack's friend — on a sofa. A shadow of the waif we first met, listening to a description of the very pleasures that he was now brought to share. A runaway horse had laid the little fellow low one day when he was helping Jack with his papers, and his days were numbered. But Jack was a faithful friend; he had sought Uncle Peter, and told his sad story; and he had obtained leave from the good doctor at the hospital, whither Spindles had been taken, to remove him to his home, feeling that earth held but a small measure of joy for the poor child, as in all probability but a few days more remained for either joy or pain. So little "Spindles," as the boys called him because of his very small size, was brought carefully, tenderly, to Johnnie's feast, that was to him as a foretaste of that heaven so near to him.

Ma Martin hung over him with untiring devotion, and read to him, and talked with him of Jesus and his love for his lambs, while the others went with Uncle Peter to give thanks and offer petitions that he might be spared pain, and brought to health again, if so it seemed good in his Father's sight.

At dinner, Thanksgiving Day, he was able to sit with the rest, at the table, for a while; then he lay on the sofa, and was served by all.

Oh the wonder of it! to the poor child who knew want, but not repletion; harshness, cruelty, but not love or kindness;

neglect, but not loving care. "Is heaven like *this*?" he whispered. "I'll tell your Johnnie all about it, that I was here, and how good you were;" and he seemed to brighten so much under the sweet care and love about him, that they talked of his recovery and what they would do "next year."

Miss Helen Forrest, a neighbor who had been very fond of Mrs. Martin's Johnnie, came in after the wonderful dinner was over, and played and sang to the boys; and then they were shown some fine stereoscopic views and photographs she had brought from abroad, of beautiful places and buildings of note; then they played some quiet games, and after, a simple service of praise and prayer ended the happy day.

Uncle Peter drove the boys home, each with a bundle of warm clothing, and a basket of goodies for those they left at home.

Little Spindles remained with Mother Martin to recover from the fatigue and excitement incident to the day, and the boys took cheerful leave of him, believing, what their young hearts hoped, that he seemed much better, and that, of course, he would soon be well again; and were rather inclined to wish that they too might be just sick enough to stay, and sleep in the cosy white bed where they left him, with dear Ma Martin ever ready to give her loving care and smiles.

It was pleasant; pleasanter than the old gloomy damp cellar, his former abiding place, — it could not have been a *home*, — or the hospital ward; and little Spindles, or Johnnie, as Mother Martin loved to call him, seemed to rally for a few days, but poverty and privation had done their work; and even as the other Johnnie had passed through December days, growing weaker

and weaker, on the shortest day of the year his little life ended, and he went with a word of thanks trembling on his lips, for that love and generosity that had given him so much of peace and happiness at the last.

"I'll always love you, and I'll tell Johnnie in heaven what you do for his sake, and he'll be glad, I know. I wish all poor boys could have you to come to, and know," he would often say, and his last words were: "I'll tell Jesus — how — you — feed — his — lambs. Good-by."

A HOME HERO.

THE world is full of heroes whose names are never whispered to fame. The boy who provides for a poor and unfortunate father, who brings home his hard earnings to a widowed mother, who sacrifices the luxuries of youth, that he may give the comforts of life to the needy, is a hero; and although his efforts may not be recognized here, they are recorded in the book of God.

The boy who makes happy the life of an invalid brother is a hero. The boy in the street leading his blind companion is a hero. The boy who solaces age with his affection and companionship is a hero; and the boy who stands resolutely by those who must face danger, disparagement, or death for a just cause, is a hero, however humble his station in life may be. — *Selected.*

As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind, without cultivation, can never produce good fruit.

ONE of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid.

For The Dayspring.

THE CONTRARY LITTLE GIRL.

BY LOUISE L. BELL.

I KNOW a naughty little girl,
Her name it is not Mary,
But, like that maiden of the rhyme,
She too is — "Quite contrary"!

Now in the morning Biddy calls —
"Shure, miss, 'tis thime to rise!"
"Oh, dear! I cannot get up now!"
This contrary girl replies.

Then mamma comes to brush her hair,
And lovingly turns each curl,
"Ah, mamma, please to braid my hair,"
Says contrary little girl.

At breakfast papa smiling says,
"Shall I help you now, my dear?"
"No, I do not feel like eating, sir,"
Says this little maiden queer.

And when at school her teacher calls,
"Close books! I'll hear you spell,"
Contrary girl holds up her hand, —
"Can't you hear us read as well?"

At recess all the scholars cry,
"Let's play at throwing ball!"
"No, play tag," says contrary girl,
"Or I will not play at all."

When day is done, and mamma says,
"Your eyes with sleep are heavy,
Come little bird, come to your nest,"
Contrary girl's not ready.

"What makes this naughty girl act so?"
Is that what I hear you say?
Hark! I will whisper in your ear,
She gets out of bed the wrong way!

WIT is a dangerous weapon, even to the possessor, if he knows not how to use it discreetly.

It is very rare to find ground which produces nothing; if it is not covered with flowers, with fruit-trees and grains, it produces briars and pines. It is the same with man — if he is not virtuous he becomes vicious.

For The Dayspring.

THE SMALL AND THE GREAT.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

THERE is a beautiful crab-apple tree in my door-yard. One evening, when it was in full blossom, the light from my window brought every tuft of its flowers into full view, and as I passed by it and looked up, my eye caught a glimpse of the silent stars in exact range with its top. I asked myself, Can it be that the same God who holds these mighty worlds in the hollow of his hand also cares for each one of these white blossoms? God is a great God, but he cares for little things as well as for great. Many children forget this fact about God. They think that great crimes will be punished by him, but that little trifling sins will not be noticed.

But the same God that holds the stars, and pushes the apple blossoms out where you can see them, notes every wrong act of yours, — yes, even your words and your very thoughts. But God is just. He also sees and is pleased with the smallest good act that the smallest boy can perform. Even a kind act to a dog or a bird is pleasing to him. Children too often forget that God is an observer of little things. You who are now reading these words are an object of God's tender care; living or dying, you are more to him than the sweetest blossom or the fairest star that he has ever made. Never forget God in little things.

BEGIN with modesty, if you would end with honor.

NEVER ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to you.

ALWAYS take the part of an absent person who may be censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

HUMOROUS.

"Have you ground all your tools, as I told you this morning?" said a carpenter to his apprentice. "All but the saw, sir; I couldn't get quite all the gaps out of that."

A minister was seated in his study one day, hard at work on his sermon, when his little boy entered and held up his finger, which he had just cut with his new jack-knife. "Don't bother me!" said his father. "Don't you see I am busy?" The youngster walked to the door, and looking back said, "I don't think it would have hurt you any to say, 'Oh!'"

"Somebody has put his hands on that door, and taken all the paint off it," said the painter. "Ah! here is the fellow," he continued, catching hold of a boy with hands thickly coated with the door's color. "You've had your hands on that door, you young rascal!" "Yes, sir," replied the youth, "but," looking at his hands hopefully, "I guess it'll come off after one or two washings."

A little girl who was spending her first month on a farm in the country was asked, "What do you like best in the country?" The child replied, "I like the country, because there are no corners. When I am at home, mother tells me not to go farther than the corner of the street; but, don't you see, there are no corners here, and I can go anywhere."

A little mouse, with a blue ribbon tied round his neck, is the singular pet of a saleswoman in a Washington-street shop. The little animal is fastened by a fine chain to its owner's dress, and plays about her shoulders, in and out of her sleeve and neck, as prettily as you please. — *Boston Gazette.*

MEETING OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

THE Annual Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society was held in the First Parish Church, in Cambridge, Wednesday and Thursday, October 20 and 21.

Wednesday evening a sermon was preached by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D D., on "The Religion which is Proper for Children, and that which is Improper."

At the opening session Thursday morning, after prayer by Rev. Dr. Newell, the President, Rev. James De Normandie, made a short address, in which he spoke of the importance of the work in which the Society is engaged, and its need of donations to the amount of at least \$5,000 a year, that it may do more. The report of the Secretary dwelt on the fact that the Society needs money to improve the *Dayspring*, and to publish cards and catechisms or lesson-leaves for infant classes, and manuals for older classes. The Treasurer then read his report, and spoke of the Society's need of money. An excellent essay on "The Liberal Christian Sunday-School," was then read by Rev. A. D. Mayo, and discussed in a profitable way by several speakers.

At the afternoon session an interesting and suggestive essay entitled, "A Superintendent's Outlook," was read by Mr. Walter N. Evans, of Montreal. This was followed by discussions for an hour and a half in which several superintendents and other Sunday-School workers took part.

The following Board of Managers was elected for the ensuing year: Rev. James De Normandie, President; Rev. Adams Ayer, Rev. C. C. Hussey, Vice Presidents; Rev. George F. Piper, Secretary; J. Mason Everett, Treasurer; Rev. L. J. Livermore, Rev. George A. Thayer, Rev. George H.

Young, Miss Elizabeth P. Channing, Miss Georgiana Merrill, Directors.

The meeting was largely attended, and universally spoken of as one of the best the Society has held.

THE ALMOND BLOSSOM.

"DEAR mamma," said a little girl to her mother, as they were walking together in the garden, "why do you have so few of those beautiful double almonds in the garden? You have hardly a bed where there is not a tuft of violets, and they are so much plainer! What can be the reason?"

"My dear child," said the mother, "gather me a bunch of each; then I will tell you why I prefer the humble violets."

The little girl ran off, and soon returned with a fine bunch of the beautiful almonds and a few violets.

"Smell them, my love," said her mother, "and try which is the sweeter."

The child smelled again and again, and could scarcely believe herself that the lovely almond had no scent, while the plain violet had a delightful odor.

"Well, my child, which is the sweeter?"

"O dear mother! it is the little violet."

"Well, now you know, my child, why I prefer the plain violet to the beautiful almond. Beauty without fragrance in flowers is, in my opinion, something like beauty without gentleness and good temper in little girls. When any one says to you, 'What charming blue eyes! What beautiful blue eyes! What beautiful curls! What a fine complexion!' without knowing whether you have any good qualities, and without thinking of your defects and failings, remember then the almond blossom; and remember, also, that beauty without gentleness and good temper is worthless."

Puzzles.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of sixteen letters.

My 7, 9, 8, 11, is a river in France.

My 3, 10, 15, 6, is a river in Spain.

My 4, 14, 3, 8, is a river in Prussia.

My 10, 6, 1, 4, is a river in New Hampshire.

My 5, 16, 6, 8, 15, is a river in Mississippi.

My 14, 12, 13, is a river in Scotland.

My 2, 6, 4, 11, is a city in France.

My whole is a famous obelisk.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

WORD OF FIVE LETTERS.

Grant.

BEHEADED RHYME.

A LITTLE maid with flaxen braid
In mother's absence made a raid
Upon the goodies, without aid.

She climbed up high upon a chair
When down she slipped, and tore her hair.
She raised her head with woeful air,

And with one hand the shelf did grasp,
But ah, her knuckles she did rasp:
The smart was like the sting of asp.

But back she climbed with wondrous skill
And jelly ate, enough to kill.
'Twas strange it did not make her ill.

When mother came she said, "I know
You, naughty girl, I'll whip you now,"
And then the little maid screamed "ow."

P. Q. Z.

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